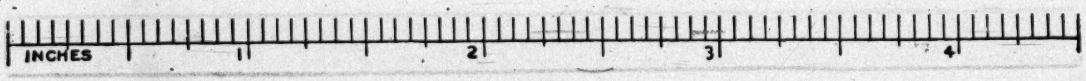
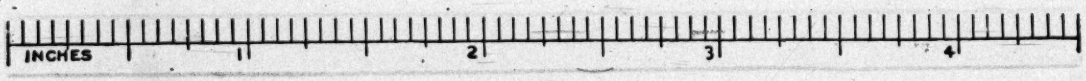
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THE Epitaph of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, lately Lord Gouernour of Floſhing.

¶ Imprinted at London by George Robinſon for Thomas Cadman, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the greate North-doore of S. Paules Church, at the ſigne of the Bible.


Churchwards
Armes.
IN·DIEV· ET·MON ROY:

To the right Worshipfull and vertuous Ladie the Ladie *Sidney, that was Wife of Sir Phillip Sidney* now deceased.

GOod Madame as my boldnes may be rebuked for this wilfull presumption, (in setting forth Verses of so vertuous a knight whose value my knowledge cannot vtter) So ỳ forwardnes of my goodwill (if any offence happen) may be pardonable & make a free passage to the wofull Epitaph of your Ladishippes worthie Husband. But so excellent a Personage, (beautified with such nobleneſſe and learning) ought not to bee described and handled with the ignorant pen of so simple a writer. For who should speake of *Achilles* praise but *Homer*: yet good Ladie, in the bare & plaine phrase, of a meane writer, true things may be couched, and from weake and base words, some stately and hie matter may be gathered. For as out of Chaffe good Corne is sifted, and fine golde is drawne from the groſest Drosse: so out of little Flint stones men strike out great sparkes of Fire, and from many a small trifle great wealth & treasure doth arise. What needeth this Flourish to bring in good liking and credite my sillie knowledge: or to what end serues these drie discourses in so flowing a world: where the sweete Fountaine and moysture of the Muses in this most fruitfull tyme, finds Tydes and seasons so replenished with water springs, that no soyle nor peece of ground in our land, but hath tasted & felt the gracious dewe of the Heauens:

I meane the bountie of this age (touching the quickneſſe of ſharpe ſpirites) is ſo beneficiall to thouſands who haue reaped the chiefeſt Corne, that there is left no Seede nor Graine to no ſuch an infortunate Gleaner as my ſelfe: Their workes, their Bookes, & their learned argumẽts in ſondrie maners, doth ſhewe they haue happely gotten and gathered ỳ firſt crop of knowledge into their Barne: ſo that they which ſhall come after muſt either loſe their labour, or bee driuen to walke peaking about the Feelde to picke vp ſuch forgotten eares of Corne, as the Reapers haue vnwillingly left, or the ouerſight of the world did carelеſſly looke vnto. The conſait of theſe cauſes hath almoſt aſtonyed my muſe. For the matter I treate on hath bene before both learnedly and ſententiouſly ſpoken of. What courſe then can I holde, or compaſſe can I keepe: for both our ſpeeches attends but to one purpoſe: which is but to ſhewe the life and death of one onely Barragon and renowmed knight of England. When the ſubſtance of a true tale is at the firſt throughly conceiued, I can find no inuention to perſwade a beleef of a ſecond trueth to bee vnderſtood. And when an other man hath tolde as much as I can imagine, my ſilence were as ſeemely as my further diſpute of the matter. But yet by the way (vnder fauour be it ſpoken) though at one preſent inſtant, two ſeuerall Mothers haue brought into the world two ſondrie Children yet neither in nature, ſhape nor cõdition the one proueth like the other: it may ſo fall out of theſe two Epitaphes (written on Sir *Phillip Sidney*) whoſe varietie, and inuentions, by ſtrangenes of ſtyle may moue many Readers to conſider the better of the matter penned. This my worke preſented to your good Ladiſhip craueth that

credit,

credit, that as it may bee looked on, So it may passe as a memoriall, of such a worthie man, as it maketh mention of. I write not to renue any sorrowe (where there is to much sadnes alreadie) but to reuiue the heart with hope and gladnes, when it shall call to remembraunce, the generall loue and affection of the people towardes this rare Gentleman: whose noble inclination and forme of life, is as well seene & heard by the common report of the world, as though we sawe him aliue againe amongst vs. What greater ioye can a good wife haue then the hearing of the honorable report of so worthie an Husband? What Picture or Image can set forth any such presentatiõ (to please either the mynd or eye) as true penned Uerses both voyde of flattry or any vaine respect? Or what can touch so nere the worthinesse of man, as the Pen that searcheth the secretes of nature, gropes the inward motions of the mind, and sets forth the hidden giftes of grace. If *Appelles* were aliue, he could but with his Pensell paint out the fauour and proportion of your Ladiships most well beloued: but an honest true Writer with his Pen, explaineth and setteth open al the vertues belonging to a noble Personage. So as farre as my poore knowledge and cunning may reach, I haue stretched my iudgement and opinion, of one in deede of the worthiest that euer I knewe borne in our tyme. Trusting that your Ladiship will giue good countenance to my labor, and doubting no whit but the world embraseth my trauaile. For the generall consent of many multitudes procured my Pen to set forth this worke, as knoweth God, who possesse your Ladishipp with peace rest and blessednesse.

At humble commaundment,
Thomas Churchyard.

The vvorthie Sir Phillip

Sidney Knight his Epitaph, that was *of late Lord Gouernour of Flosshnig*

A Creature losse then would well waies||or may be
tought with pen,
No lacke so much (in these our daies) as want of
worthie men:
Whē wealth is gon, yet wit or hap||may quick-
lie get more good:
But when the Tree hath lost his Sap||farewell
both braunch and bud.

What sighes or sobbes shall now suffice||to counterpaise the paine?
What floods of teares, or weeping eyes||may bring our losse againe?
No sorrowe serues, we wayle to late||our Jewell gay is gon,
A speciall member of our state||had Natures course held on.
For kind did lay a liuely plot||that farre surpast our skill,
To long at large to tell God wot||her cunning worke at will.
But I may shew, how from a Child||she fostred vp this man,
And fraught him full of maners mild||when he this world began.
First knowledge ripe, in Schoole he caught||to whet his noble spreite,
As he had bin by Tully taught||to flowe in sentence sweet.
Both pen and tongue did aunswer mind||as water-streames had ren
From Fountaine head by course of kind||from whēce great flods be gon.
A wit that could conceiue as fast||as went quick view of eye:
A sence that swift as Swallow past||through matters rare and hye.
His eare no sooner heard the sound||of voyce or deepe foresight,
But straight way iudgemēt passage found||to bring dark words to light.
His bountie blased like Torch by night||and dimde their Candles all,
And staynd both Lampe and Lanterne light||where sparkes from flame did fall.
His life with chast desires was deckt||where euer he becam,

As

An Epitaph of the worthie

As he had bin the Lords eleckt||and made a chosen Lam.
His countnaunce gaue a gladsome grace||with manly pleasant showe,
To all that did beholde his face||or would his fauour knowe.
His learned speach had force to breake||the thick and hardest yce,
And looke what tõgue and mouth did speake||the mind held most in price.
In prime of youth Embassor sent||to Empyour farr from hence.
And wan such credite where he went||that made him honord sence.
Ranne faire at Tilt, like Mars his Sonne||with couched Launce on brest,
And good report of people won||that passed all the rest.
A man made out of goodliest mould||as shape in waxe were wrought,
Or picture stoode in stampe of gold||to please each gazers thought.
An Heire in deede of great accoumpt||whose hope great hap might haue,
Yet muck made neuer mynd to mount||for ought that Fortune gaue.
His silent lookes sayd wisedome great||did lodge in loftie brow:
His patient heart (in chollers heate) suppresst all passions throw.
His inward gifts could closely shroude||in humble courties cheare,
As Phœbus hid his head in Cloude||to shine at length more cleere.
A portly presence passing fine||with beautie furnisht well,
Where vertues buds and grace deuine||and daintie gifts did dwell.
Well seene and read in diuers Artes||his works they shewe the same:
Well trauayld to, in sondrie partes||to purchase peereless Fame,
Brought home both language lawde and lore||e might ꝑ Lawell weare,
And crownd with Garland be therefore||and style of Honor beare.
In Conscience cause and Countries care||to bloodie warres he went,
Where loe on murthering Shot vnware||alas his life he spent.
To farre he ventred for renowne||to short he made his skope:
To soone that stately stalke fell downe||in whom was such great hope.
To late this world will warned bee||to quick comes our dispatch:
To blind is dazeled eyes to see||where Death for life doth watch.
Though manhood runnes in Armor gay||where great exployts haue bin,
Yet courage calls more men away||then all the world can win.
For Sidneis sake (O wicked Shot) our native Countrey cryes:
Yea though his death great glorie got || and Fame thereby doth rise,
In wretched earth and Tombe God wot||his worthie bodie lyes:
Who left behinde by heauie lot||a world of weeping eyes.
But chiefly Prince and publick weale||who waies his worth a right,

Sir Phillip Sidney.

A ſecret ſigh or two they ſteale||in thinking on this Knight.
Ye feard no death, when one did craue||if he would dye or no,
Yet wiſht ſome longer life to haue||if God were pleaſed ſo.
Firſt to amend his life he ſought||a reſpite for a ſpace,
To purge his Soule that Chriſt had bought||and therby purchaſe grace.
Next only for Religions ſake||he crau'd a yere or two,
Before from world he leaue did take||that he ſome good might do.
And laſt of all for Common weale||he wiſht a while to liue,
That to the honor of our ſtate||he might ſome councell giue.
Oh what deſire was this of his||from whence came that great minde:
Was euer heauenlier thing then this||brought forth of humaine kinde:
No no, the Pearle of precious price||is loſt or ſtolne away,
The head where dwelt each deepe deuice||will here no longer ſtay,
His friends and kindred wring their hands||and heauie hearted goe:
His waying wife like Image ſtands||and cannot ſpeake for woe.
His Seruants ſhake their heads and ſay||(as men orecome with rage)
Where is our Maiſter and our ſtay||in this hard haples age.
His Siſters life conſumes away||like Snow againſt the Sunne,
His Brethren ban that diſmall day||when his ſhort race was runne.
His Soldoiurs dolefull Dromme doth ſound||& march in mourning ſort,
And trayles the Enſigne on the ground||in ſigne of ſad La mort.
But with exchaunge all chaunges goe||for life comes death in place:
For ioy comes payn, for wealth comes woe||for woe & grief comes grace.
So leaue his Soule, where faeltie is||embraeſt in Abrahams breſt,
There let him ſleepe with endles bliſ||that here could take no reſt.

FINIS.